

# COLUMBIAN OBSERVER.

A JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND POLITICS.

EQUAL RIGHTS, HONEST AGENTS, AND AN ENLIGHTENED PEOPLE.

Vol. I.]

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 17, 1822.

[No. 22.

PUBLISHED  
ON WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY EVENINGS,  
BY HICKMAN & HAZZARD,  
NO. 121, CHESTNUT STREET.

TERMS.

Five dollars per annum, payable half yearly in advance.  
Communications must come free of Postage to insure attention.

Advertisements not exceeding one square, conspicuously inserted three times for one dollar, and larger ones in proportion.

ORIGINAL REVIEW.

CLIO.

By James G. Percival. No. II. *Qui ne sait se borner, ne sait jamais écrire.* BULLETT. New Haven, 1822.

From the *Preface* to this volume of Poems, we expected to behold the brilliant and literary productions of a great Genius, whose enthusiasm claiming affinity with *Byron*, *Milton*, and the superior Bards of creation, dined a middle flight, in regions occupied by the meaner race of Poets, as Mr. Percival says, such as "Pope and Campbell."—It is unfortunate for Mr. Percival, that he published a Preface to these trifles, and indulged in Criticism and Precepts, the former in violation of all taste, and received opinions, and the latter open to the strongest objections from truth, nature, and experience.—"Pope and Campbell" never can be associated as Peers in the dominions of the Muses. The *Translator of Homer*, defies a parallel in the author of *Gertrude of Wyoming*—Pope occupies the highest station among English Bards.

Mr. Percival has undertaken to define Poetry, to describe a Poet, and illustrate his precepts by his own example. We are sorry he has not been more successful; for we deny that he has at all succeeded in his object. He does, to be sure, attempt to escape from the responsibility of critical disquisitions, by stating that he gives his remarks, "but as simple expressions of his own views and feelings." Still, in our opinion, they belong to the department of Criticism, and we can only consider this qualified expression, as a modest disavowal of arbitrary opinions.

Mr. Percival's definition of a Poet, and of Poetry, is deficient and erroneous, because it includes any eloquent writer, or piece of composition; it will comprehend the Orator, and the Oration, the Novelist, and the Novel. We shall quote his own words in proof of his error.

"I look upon Poetry as an art, whose charm lies in the exhibition of vivid imagery, new, varied, beautiful and sublime; and in appeals to the simple affections of the heart. The Poet, if we follow the etymology of the word, is a creator; one, who fashions from the stores of his memory, images of which earth furnishes no reality; and who combines them into groups, which have an existence only in the imaginary world, he has charmed into being. He gives to his conceptions a visible form of beauty or power, and animates them with a fire from heaven, beaming forth in their eyes and features, like the sweet flow of light from a lamp in a vase of alabaster; or flashing abroad, in the kindlings of emotion, like the fount, from which it was stolen. He takes you to the retirement of sensibility, and recalls to you all its nice and tender touches of character, and plays upon the springs, which call forth those feelings of happy sorrow, which move us in our sympathies with others, which are always delightful, because they seem to us holy, and are always welcomed, as the surest evidence, that nature is concealed within us. Every tear, that is shed there, is to us a treasure; for it flows from a fountain, in which we imagine, angels might wash, and purify. Even when he becomes the hypocrite of nature, and leads us to contemplate the great principles of our being; when he is simply didactic, and his great object is the display of philosophic truth, he does not depart from his peculiar character. Every principle becomes with him a personification, and the great doctrines of science pass before him, as so many beings endowed with life and majesty and beauty."

The error of Mr. Percival lies in under-rating measure and versification. Rhyme and metre are the essential and characteristic qualities of Poetry. Enthusiasm, genius, and imagination, may indulge in all their wanton creations in prose; and with the same effect as described by our bard in the above quotation. Thus Dr. Blair defines Poetry to be—"the language of passion, or of enlivened imagination, formed, most commonly, into regular numbers." Before Mr. Percival can become a Poet, he must acquire a proper and just idea of poetry.

There is frequently a contradiction between his own sentiments, in respect to Poetry. In one passage he tells us, "Nature is the charm of Poetry, and not art." He afterwards says, "a holy and inspired delirium, is the only test of true excellence in Poetry." Is Nature then, this *inspired delirium*? No, assuredly not. But this *inspired delirium* is the charm of all Poetry; not wild and incoherent delirium, but enthusiasm, controlled and guided, and disciplined by Art. Poetry is fundamentally an *Art*; and the most bountifully gifted Enthusiast and Genius, would only create absurdities, if he depended on *Nature*, and threw off the beautiful fetters which give birth to immortal song, when the imagination is fired by that indefinable power, that we term Genius.

Mr. Percival again informs us, in another part of his preface, that "Poetic beauty is liveliest when least adorned." We confess we are staggered at this paradox. We cannot form a conception of Poetic beauty, without adornment. His meaning, in general, we are aware of, that Art without Genius, never can make a Poet. But this is no disparagement of Art. A man without fingers could not become an expert mechanic; but are tools and art, therefore to be estimated as worthless?

Mr. Percival is severe in his remarks on

mediocrity in poetry; and after unwillingly admitting the use of *art*, advises a *return to nature*, by which we understand in his own words, "the happy expression of natural feeling."—Now unfortunately, this happy expression of natural feeling may be *prose* and not Poetry, for it depends upon the *genius and design* of the author altogether, whether he makes this "happy expression of natural feeling," in the one, or the other. We venture to say, that Mr. Percival has not often succeeded in making it Poetry, for after all, his chief excellency is *Art*, and not enthusiasm, or Genius.

The *Preface* does the Poet no credit. It shows him not to have studied his *art*, and presents him in the character of a Critic ignorant of Criticism; which, if he had sufficiently studied it, would have saved him the disgrace of this chaotic jumble of false positions, and incoherent rhapsody. But as Mr. P. says, let us "pass from precept to example," and see how his fugitive pieces illustrate his canons of Criticism.

In these, we discover nothing above the mediocrity of descriptive trifles. Give him the name of Love, Melancholy, a spray of the ocean, a ray of the Sun, a beam of the Moon, a dew-drop, a rose, and the blossoms and verdure of spring; and you have furnished him out with all the materials of his poems. We were astonished to find a Poet so tenacious of "inspired delirium," so utterly passionless, and void of enlivened imagination. His first *Sonnet*, which occupies 8 pages, is wholly descriptive; and the same figures and imagery are repeated, even to satiety. In the first stanzas, he wishes to be *Cupid*, to be a *Butterfly*, to be "the guide of some rolling sphere." In the second stanza, he apostrophizes *Evening*; and throughout, the poem is but one mass of accumulated images, with no predominant thought, or reflection to give it elevation, and raise it above the unmeaning glitter of empty words. As Johnson says, it fills the ear more than the mind. The next piece is entitled a *REVERIE*, and is of the same character.

I saw a neat white cottage by a rill,  
A limpid rill, that wound along a glade,  
Curling and flashing to the Sun; a shade  
Of willows brooked over it; a hill,  
Not distant, heaved its fresh green slope, and smiled  
With daisies and with dandelions; oft  
I wander'd through such meadows, when a child,  
And lov'd the turf below, the sky aloft,  
So softly green, so clearly, pure blue;  
And as the mild wind, breathing odours, flew  
Screaming through the grass tufts, and the crown  
Of dandelions fill'd the fields with down,  
Or some gay butterfly, on every wing,  
Flitted around me, in the hearty glee  
Of youth just bursting out of infancy,  
And nimbly'd with all the buoyancy of Spring;  
I saw that neat white cottage, and I thought,  
That was the shelter I so long had sought,  
And there with one companion I might rest.  
My weary head on humble quiet's breast;  
And see the Year come forth, and dress her bowers,  
And o'er the lattice weave her veil of flowers;  
And now, in playful wandering, down the stream,  
Follows my mazy bend, and in a dream  
The wave is resting on the Ocean;"—

The woods with melody and joy are ringing,  
When beds of mint and flowering fields of clover  
Are redolent of Nature's balmyest store,  
And the cool wind, from rivers, hurries over  
And gathers sweets, that Hybla never bore.

Fair, as the cloudless moon o'er night presiding,  
When earth, and sea, and air are hush'd and still,  
Along the burning dome of nature riding,  
Crowning with liquid lustre rock and hill,  
Peniciling with her silver beam the rill.

That o'er the wave-worn marble falling plays,  
Sheeting with light the cascade at the mill,  
And paving ocean with her tremulous rays,  
Through the clod-lids of dewy violets stealing,  
And gemming, with clear drops, the mead and grove;

Such is the light, the native heart of feeling  
Throws round the stainless object of his love.

To cite examples of mere physical description, however, would prove an endless task, for Clio is composed of little else. The stringing of Metaphors together, however prettily, soon wears an intellectual reader; it may amuse girls and children for a time, but even children will tire of the repetition.—His best pieces, are his Songs on *FREE-POM*, in which the meanest poets acquit themselves well. The theme supplies all deficiencies of genius.—The poem entitled "VANITY OF VANITIES," occupies twenty pages, in which but one tolerable sentiment breaks through the glitter of accumulated imagery. THE BROKEN HEART, is a strain of pure delirium, not inspired. It begins with this puerility.

"He has gone to the land, where the dead are still.  
And made the song of gladness;"—

THE CORAL GROVE contains no sentiment, passion, or opinion, being purely descriptive. We pass on to the CALM AT SEA, where he pictures something extraordinary.

"The night is clear,  
The Sky is fair,  
The wave is resting on the Ocean;"—

And again in the next poem he begins,

"The wave is resting on the Sea."

THE LUNATIC GIRL is a misnomer for the Lunatic Bard; for it beats the Spectre Boat, of Campbell, infinitely. We shall reserve this precious morsel for a more merry occasion. We pass over a great number of trifles, which it would be an abuse of Criticism to dwell on; to offer a few remarks upon the penury of ideas, that characterize these poems. The great art of Poetry is to combine thought, passion, and sentiment, with music and imagery; for as Dryden has said "Music is inarticulate Poetry;" and melody of metre without thought, is very little superior to Music. Mr. Percival has much excellence of what he most deprecates, harmony and skill of versification; and he is distinguished by the almost total absence of that, which he most admires, enthusiasm, genius, or as he calls it "inspired delirium."

Our opinion of Mr. Percival's powers are easily expressed, and we trust are justly and impartially formed. His imagination is brighter than it is fervid, and his power of language leads him to neglect, what is of more importance than melody or rhyme—we mean reflection and knowledge. The art of poetry is only useful, or pleasing, great and ennobling, as it adds beauty to truth, or gives embellishment to knowledge. Description of natural objects and scenery, is soon exhausted, and is the meanest department of poetry; it was carried to perfection in the first ages, by primeval Bards. American Poets are too much addicted to this, from the facility of its performance, and their lust of sudden reputation. We doubt, from the evidence before us, if Mr. Percival possesses any power of invention, beyond the composition of a Sonnet; and for his taste, we have but a very equivocal opinion of it. He obviously wants retirement, study, knowledge, and discipline. The affection of Melancholy, which occasionally breaks through the poems, we suspect to be an imitation of Lord Byron; which every writer should avoid, who is not possessed of his genius.

The best poem in Clio, No. II., is CARMEN SECULARIS, written in the Spencerean stanza, and distinguished by more spirit, thought, and energy, than any other of his fugitive pieces. Here LIBERTY forms a prominent theme, and it appears to be a darling one with the author; a circumstance which has impressed us with a high opinion of his patriotism and public spirit. Let him cherish this, if he wishes to succeed, and pants to bear the Laurel on his brows. Let him cultivate the Spencerean stanza too, more than he has done; and we do not despair of his producing a work, at some future day, which will do honour to his country, and procure fame and profit to himself.—With the exception, however, of the Carmen Secularis, we dislike all the contents of this No. of Clio; and are no better pleased with the conclusion, than we were with the commencement.

Mr. Percival is wholly unknown to us. We bear him rather good-will thanunkind feelings; but moved exclusively by a desire to see our Poets do honour to their Country, in the eyes of invidious Europe, we would have them ripe and perfect their Genius, before they attempt the Press, and add more discreditable abortions to the numerous miscarriages, that have excited the sneers and ridicule of British malignity.—Let every American, when he is writing Poetry, recall to mind the faults and the fate, of the COLUMBIAN, and the BACKWOODSMAN. If after that, he contrives to write ill, let him desist.—We conclude, by advising our author, to study still further the motto, which he has prefixed to his book from Boileau.

*CONDITIONS.*

I. To be Printed in one neat 12mo. volume, to contain about 350 pages, handsome type and good paper.

II. To be delivered to subscribers at \$1.25, neatly bound and lettered.

III. One copy given for every five paid for.

IV. Letters Post paid, and expenses of boxes and carriage by the persons to whom the Books sent.

Aug. 7—tf

The Favorite,  
Just Received and for Sale, by  
E. LITTELL,

No. 88, Chestnut Street,

The Favorite of Nature,  
A TALE IN 2 vols.

*ALSO,*

*Advice to the Young Mother,*

In the Management of herself and Infant, by a Member of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Aug 7—tf

RENEGADE.

THIS day received and for sale by S. POTTER & CO., Booksellers and Stationers, No. 37, Chestnut street, The Renegade, translated from the French of M. Le Viscount D'Arincourt.

"This work has excited so lively an interest in France, that four editions were printed within one month from the publication. The originality and pathos of the story, which are perhaps unrivaled, promise to make it no less a favorite in its English dress."

"It is the work of a man of genius, and the translation has fallen into very competent hands."—

*Monthly Magazine.*

Aug. 7—tf

THE MILLENIUM.

Just Received and for Sale, by

E. LITTELL,

No. 88, Chestnut-Street,

THE MILLENIUM.

And the third Angel followed them, saying with a loud voice, If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in his forehead or in his hand, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation, &c. Rev. XIV. 9, 10, 11.

*The Roman Church is the Beast.*

To worship the beast, is to embrace his church ordinances.

To worship his image, is to pray publicly as to his image.

To receive his mark in the forehead, is water baptism.

To receive his mark in the hand, is sacramental wine, which church ordinances lead to, Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, and of course is destructive of Salvation.

By Isaac J. Foster, of Union District, S. Carolina.

Aug. 10

Lights and Shadows.

Just Received and for Sale, by

W. W. WOODWARD,

Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life, a Selection from the Papers of the late Author Austin.

Aug. 7—tf

Halidon Hill.

Just Received and for Sale by

HICKMAN & HAZZARD,

No. 121, Chestnut-street,

HALDON HILL.

By Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

Price 50 Cents.

THE RENEGADE,

A Romance, by the Viscount D'Arincourt, author of the Solitary, price 87½ cents.

August 14—

The Favourite of Nature.

Just Received, and for Sale, by

W. W. WOODWARD,

THE FAVOURITE OF NATURE,

A Tale in 2 vols.

Aug. 7—tf

Just Received and for Sale by

E. LITTELL,

No. 88, Chestnut-Street,

THE RENEGADE,

Translated from the French of M. Le Viscount D'Arincourt, 2 vols in one.

Aug. 7—tf

WILLIAM W. WOODWARD,

No. 52, SOUTH SECOND STREET, PHILADELPHIA,

WILL SHORTLY PUBLISH,

Missionary Anecdotes;

IN TWO PARTS:

EXHIBITING

I. The Idolatry, Superstition

EQUAL RIGHTS, HONEST AGENTS, AND AN ENLIGHTENED PEOPLE.



## COLUMBIAN OBSERVER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1822.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Letter of *anacrusis* is received. It is impossible for the Editors to pledge themselves for any Candidate, who may offer or be nominated for the next Presidency. We beg leave to refer *Branus* to the general exposition of our principles and views, in relation to the Presidency, so copiously given in our preceding numbers.—With the exclusion of all the members of the Cabinet, we shall adhere to the principles of *Democracy*, such as they exist in reality undebased by corruption, or the arts of faction.—As far as we have been able to penetrate the bearing of his remarks upon this point, we think no material discrepancy of opinion will obtain between us, in relation to the points to be discussed.—His Letter is long, and we wish to bestow upon it some reflection. The causes he assigns for giving our journal a preference over others, are highly flattering, and we hope to merit the encomium by something more than *professions*. With this ex-position, we must, for the present, conclude, with a promise that he shall hear from us again, should he not conclude to favour us with the promised communications, upon the strength of this reply.

"*Cato*" is received, but we can perceive no utility in the publication of his article at present. Upon other topics, we shall be happy to avail ourselves of his talents, discernment, and sound democratic principles.

The Editors of the Observer, present their compliments to the witty and facetious Editor of the *National Advocate*, and request as favor, that he will transmit us a few of his *blank challenges*; as we understand that the good people of New York, are afflicted with a nervous treacher of the land, which incapacitates them from writing on such occasions. We would also advise him, to transmit a few to his friend, our virtuous Post Master, of the Franklin Gazette, whose *valor* stands in need of such paper supports. It has been suggested, that if these *blank challengers* also pulled the trigger, it would be an improvement. We advise the *Sheriff* to procure a patent for his invention; and then challenge his brother of the *Post Office Gazette*, who is very expert in the use of—the *Scissors*—and *Pins*!

### A Blank Challenge."

The "young Ishmaelites at the head of the Philadelphia *Observer*," would be glad to meet the Editor of the N. Y. National Advocate upon the ground of Common Sense, there to contest the legality of *assassination* when practised by great men. If Mr. Noah's *air-gum* can be dispensed with on the occasion, it will gratify the "young Ishmaelites," as they profess an attachment to bullets of *Clay*, after they have passed the *Ordeal*—of too large a circumference, it is believed, to suit the calibre of Mordecai's *wind instrument*.

"Governor Wall was executed twenty years after the murder of his victim. Why should not Mr. Crawford be confined for a similar offence after the same lapse of time?"

### TOMAHAWKING!"

The Editors of the Columbian Observer have called John Adams "a *Tory*";—They have said, that the "Prince Regent had *foul* hands, and was *debauched*." The loyal and pure democratic Editor of the Press, questions whether *any other* paper would use "such" language when speaking of an Ex-President his beloved Monarch George the IVth, or of a Candidate for the Presidency!

The same Editors have said that Crawford was an *assassin*, and had "hangman's hands."\* Why? because Crawford *volunteered* to fight Van Allen, and *shot him dead in cold blood*! The use of "such" epithets on "such" occasions the *tender and polite* Editor of the Press, calls "Tomahawking!"

\* Vide *Shakespeare*.

### THE CRISIS.

A review of our internal political relations, and domestic policy, seems to be imperiously required by custom, upon the commencement of our Editorial duties. We are naturally disposed to think that the most interesting period of public affairs, when we are ourselves called upon, to take apart in their discussion; and vanity frequently suggests that to be a crisis in the world; which is only a critical moment, in our passions, or our fortunes. We have no desire to discolour, or exaggerate public events, through this visionary medium of self-delusion. Our individual fortunes have not, we hope, yet reached that point, which threatens speedy disaster, or brilliant success; but with whatever hue they may hereafter be tinged, whether darkened by the shades of misfortune, or illuminated by the brilliant rays of happiness, we shall be careful not to permit them to impair the same tints, to the great subjects of public policy, that have for their object the happiness of the People, the purity of government, and the predominance of the great *Democratic Party* of this Republic.

That the present era of the history of the U. States is a critical one, fraught with solemn consequences, and approaching to the consummation of a mighty and powerful system, is not an idle hypothesis, incapable of being demonstrated. Since the formation of the Federal Constitution, changes have taken

place in our social relations, so vast and incalculable in their effects, as to almost realize the opinion, of our having become another country, and another people, from what we then were. Our population from three millions has swelled out to the prodigious increase of ten millions of inhabitants. The extent of our territorial limits have been doubled; and the members of the Confederacy from thirteen States, have augmented to the surprising amount of four and twenty independent sovereignties. Wealth has proportionately diffused her treasures in every direction; and industry, enterprise, and trade, have gone side by side, in their rapid march, through the most rugged and untamed wilds of the western wilderness.

The history of mankind presents no parallel to this astonishing growth of wealth and power; and while it gives us cause of pride and exultation, as citizens of a great Republic, it likewise rouses reasonable fears for the ill consequences that threaten to flow from an extended territory of such gigantic dimensions. It may be alledged with a great deal of plausibility, that a Constitution under which we have thus expanded, and which contains in itself a provision for our increase, will always be competent to preserve the system in harmony, and fully adequate to the most beneficial ends of government, even under the weight of a system extended to twice the magnitude of our actual power.

But the argument of experience, in respect to the Constitution *in var*, is not so sound as it is specious and pleasing. Hitherto no event has fortunately occurred, calculated to test its efficacy and wisdom, under the pressure of great conflicting interests, and local differences. Much artificial importance was attached to the Missouri question, which it did not actually possess, in the relation in which it stood to the National Legislature or to the People. A greater subject than the slave question, or even the contest for State Rights in opposition to the consolidated power of the Union, must be the touchstone of the efficacy of our federative Constitution.—That subject, or event, is, we think, not very remote. We mean the *Presidential Election* under new and untried circumstances—an event, which from the passivity of the People, and the ambition of Demagogues, threatens to jeopardize, if not to demolish, the rights of the citizen and the edifice of the Constitution.

Nor will the experience of the past afford any rule of judgment, or sources of consolation, touching the future influence of this great political agitation upon the Union. From the adoption of the Constitution to the present time, our Presidents have been chosen for qualities, and considerations, which, after the expiration of the present Incumbent's term, never can again influence the people, or embolden the candidates. Revolutionary services, have been heretofore, the exclusive ground of selecting Candidates for the suffrages of the People. These qualifications presented a kind of magic circle, where discord could not enter, and from which mere *ambition* was altogether shut out. Even in the opposition between Mr. Jefferson and John Adams, it was still a Revolutionary hero against a reputed patriot of the same period.—This mode of preferring the authors of our Independence to all others, gave a salutary concentration of motives, feelings, and opinions, that was attended with the happiest and most harmonious results.—Under such a mode of election, there was no hope for ambition, however brilliant, for corruption however powerful, or for intrigue, however distinguished, by art, skill and plausibility.

As most of our worthies of the Revolution, however, have passed off the stage, that concentration of feeling and opinion in the people and of qualification in the Candidates, has been succeeded by the reverse circumstances, of the most unbounded contrariety of sentiment, hostile feelings, and ambitious contention. The People, heretofore passive under the operation of a wholesome system, may not remain so, under the new aspect of their political affairs; and ambition and intrigue, calculating on their wonted indifference, may push the game of power too far for the patience of the citizens. We are now to elect a President, who is not a Revolutionary character. The wide door of competition and rivalry is opened to all. And we have already seen all description of persons rush into the portals with the impetuosity of madmen, struggling for a prize, which they supposed to be at the disposal of a community of ideots.

So far the people remain as passive as under the old system; but their indifference seems more the effect of the remoteness of the object, than of cold carelessness as to the issue of the conflict. As it was in Rome, of old, those concerned in the government are fighting hard for the inheritance of the chief power. Urged on by ambition, and with no other pretensions than having shared the authority of government, they endeavour to take the suffrages of the people by storm; and think if they defeat one another, they must surely exalt the victorious party.

With the People, the question now is, what merit or qualifications shall recommend a Candidate to our preference?—The Candidates attempt to decide this question themselves—and say, that the merit of being a member of the Cabinet shall constitute the point of recommendation, as Revolutionary services did before.

All systems of successions, or inheritance of power, are fatal to Liberty, because they supersede the necessity of *Election*. If we once admit that a member of the Cabinet must have the preference, the *Right of Suffrage* becomes virtually abolished; and the people are as much degraded and abused, if not oppressed, as when they languished under an hereditary despotism.

In the approaching struggle, the Cabinet will be the impellent. It will meet certain resistance of a potent character, from the number of eminent men, in the four and twenty States, who are, by talents, far better qualified for the station, than the members of the Cabinet. It may probably, and

we hope it will certainly, be opposed, by the *united voice of the Democratic Party*, as subservient of the first principles of free government. The Cabinet, the States, and the People, form three powerful belligerents on this arduous and solemn occasion. From the concussion produced by the whole weight and power of such parties, it would indeed be fortunate, if the Constitution escaped without danger, and without destruction, in a new and untried situation, at an epoch, when the country has swelled to the gigantic size we have already pictured.

So long as the Caucus system elected men distinguished for their undisputed Patriotism, and Revolutionary services, it was tolerated; but let it come to nominate Candidates from a more recent generation, and the jealousy of ambition will stifle its voice of domination, from a regard to self-interest in all, and of self-preservation in many. We think the *Caucus system* will not be revived; but if the attempt is made, the consequences will be, we think, equally perilous to the vanquished and the victors.

What qualifications should receive the support and confidence of the People? To answer this question, it is only necessary to recur to past experience. If we chose our former Presidents for their *Revolutionary services*, let us choose one now for his *Revolutionary Principles*. Is he a *sound Republican*? Is he opposed to *English corruption*? Is he a *great practical Statesman*? Is he wise, liberal, disinterested and Patriotic?—If these questions are answered in the affirmative, he who possesses those qualities is the Candidate who should unite the suffrages of the People. But do not let us go to the seat of government to look for a drill sergeant of corruption, who cannot, by any probable singularity of virtue possess those estimable principles.

The *Northern, middle, and western States*, have a great and solemn duty to discharge at this Crisis. Upon their *unity* in support of a Candidate of their own, rests, perhaps, the duration of the Confederacy. Let them discard all minor considerations, and inferior interests, in this moment of peril and of danger. Let them unite in the support of a Candidate, who is a stranger to the corruption of government at Washington,—of a Candidate who is not fighting for the place, or only desirous of gratifying his ambition by its attainment—one who will pledge himself for the purity of his administration and guarantee to all parties, and all sections of the country, an impartial share of the benefits of free government. Such a one may be found, and such a one let us all unite in supporting.

**LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.**  
Under this head, the Editors of the *Columbian Observer* are desirous of giving to the public, the earliest information of all *New Works*, in the Press, or about to be Published by the Booksellers and Printers throughout the U. States.—As soon as arrangements can be made for this purpose, both here, and in Europe, they design to furnish such a general syllabus of current literature, as cannot fail to be interesting to the public, as well as advantageous to the Trade.

Letters and Communications, upon this subject *free of postage*, are respectfully solicited.

### BOOKS PUBLISHING IN PHILADELPHIA.

By A. Small.—Neuman's Spanish and English Dictionary, in 2 vols.—Edited by a competent Spanish Scholar.

Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life, will be published in the course of next week, and is intended for a handsome and cheap Edition.

By W. W. Woodward.—Letters on the sacrament of the Lord's supper, an original work, by Samuel Bayard Esq.

Border's Missionary Anecdotes, enlarged and improved.

By H. C. Carey & I. Lea.—Abbott's Law of shipping, new edition with additions.

Salkeld's Reports 3 vols.

Graham Hamilton—2 vols in one.

Account of the expedition under Major Long, to the Rocky mountains. 2 vols 8vo, with maps and plates.

Logan, a Family History.

Sporting Anecdotes, original and selected; including numerous characteristic portraits of persons in every walk of life, who have acquired notoriety for the achievements on the Turf, at the Table, and in the Diversions of the Field.—By Pierce Egan.

Montagu on Partnership 2 vols. 8vo.

Holy Bible with Engravings. Designs by Westall, Royal 4to.

Barton's Flora of North America—No 25.

By Hickman & Hazzard.—Kennet's Roman Antiquities, embellished with fifteen engravings.

By Bennett and Walton.—Brooks Gazette brought down to the present time, one vol. 8vo.

By P. H. Nicklin.—A Treatise on Insolvency. By E. D. Ingraham Esq.

By J. Crissy & G. Goodman.—Tactitus. 6 vols. 8vo.

### American Works.

We learn that a series of novels, founded on events which happened at the first settlement of Massachusetts and New-Hampshire, is in preparation for the press. The public may expect the first, entitled "The Hermite of Kaskoe," to appear in a short time. The manner in which the proprietor became possessed of them, is disclosed in the introduction, from which we learn, that they were written in "olden time." He has modernized the orthography, excepting the epistolatory correspondence, and in a few other instances. The orthography of the title is also

### Waverley.

This prolific and powerful writer is said to have another Romance in the Press, entitled "PEVERIL OF THE PEAKE," to be out in Autumn.

## FOREIGN.

### SUMMARY OF FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

The state of the *British Funds*, constitutes the most prominent item of news, by the latest arrivals; that inexhaustible and eternal source of deception, fraud, taxes, misery, and despotism. We abstain from giving an abstract of the Budget, which was opened by the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the 1st July, for two reasons—first, because it concerns us not, and second, because no *feith* can be placed in their statements. Necessity compels them to maintain the system, and mendacity and deception are the pillars that uphold it.

The condemnation of an English Ship, in a Prize Court at Porto Rico, for a contravention of the Colonial Laws of Spain, was brought before Parliament. The ship was bound from *Buenos Ayres* to another South American port. On this occasion, Sir James Mackintosh, while he denied the right of Spain to enforce her Colonial Laws over Territories claimed, but not in actual possession, confessed that the only remedy lay an acknowledgement of the *Independence* of the South American Governments by Great Britain.

"The Tonnage Duties Repeal Bill," has been passed into a Law. Its purport is unknown, and cannot be interesting to Americans. We here behold an instance of the folly of giving the *mysteries of Parliamentary depravity*, to our readers, as *news*!

The Corn Importation Bill was read a second time in the House of Lords.

The *New Loan Bill*, passed a Committee in the House of Commons, June 8th. Other Bills of various titles, had also passed.—The small Notes (Bank) bill was read a third time and passed.—Another Bill was under discussion for punishing the counterfeiters of small notes, by *hard labour*.

The British have placed the *Trade of Hayti* on an equality with that of the U. States. We suppose the next step of Benevolence towards this *peculiar race* will be crossing the blood of the *House of Hanover* with a *Haitian Princess*!

It was proposed in Parliament to relieve Ireland! Ministers preferred the system of *subsidies* to *parliamentary contributions*, from door to door; as it saved them from the odium of *prodigality*!

A stamp duty on the transfer of *Foreign Stocks* was in agitation, to hinder Englishmen from investing their money in any other but the *British Funds*.—We may look for the reduced price of *U. States Bank Stock*.

It was proposed to relieve the *famine* of Ireland by *charitable subscriptions*, from door to door; as it saved them from the odium of *prodigality*!

The late Queen Caroline's servants were about to be *peasined* with £10,000 per annum.

In England the prospect of an abundant Harvest still continued.

The Duke of Bedford was sick.—Is this a *miracle*, that a *Duke* should be sick?

The virtuous King George had again changed his royal mind, and was resolved to visit Scotland—whether, doubtless, his lady love had flown before him.

The pious Alexander of Russia, having offered the kiss of Peace to the pious Turk, the latter gentleman is devoting his entire attention to the slaughter, enslavement, and violation of the poor *Greeks*!—The glorious and *Holy Alliance*.

In Madrid—the *Cortes* had been prorogued—the *Revenue* was deficient, and a *New Loan* was resorted to!—Throughout Spain, Agriculture is said to be annihilated, trade at a total stand, and industry of course prostrated. *Economy* was therefore proposed.

The Insurrection in Catalonia had not been quelled.

The French Parliament is wisely occupied in projecting *Canals*, as well as fostering Domestic Industry.

From Scotland the news is—that the Royal Bank has determined to discount at 4 per cent.

A duel was fought near London, on the 5th July. The parties exchanged shots, and then, like good Christians, shook hands!

An American Ship raised *Rodishes* out and home, from New-York to Liverpool, for the gratification of the passengers. *Noah's Ark* was nothing compared to this.

The sufferings of the afflicted Irish, continue unabated. The contributions had been exhausted. Pestilence and Famine still marched in dread array through that desolated land.

At Brussels, on the 29th June, the eldest son of *Lucien Bonaparte*, was married to the eldest daughter of *Joseph, Count Sartine*, our fellow-citizen and townsmen.

A Protestant Minister, at Wabern, three leagues from *Cassel*, while in the pulpit, shot himself through the head, as he was about to commence his Sermon. His death was imputed to Religion.

The Greeks are represented as still gaining partial success. They have become masters of *Thessaly*.—The Greek and Turkish Fleets, the former consisting of 68 Vessels, and the latter of 44 Sail, were both in the vicinity of *Sicily*, and a battle between them was daily looked for. *Victory to the Greeks!*

The duty on *Wool* imported into Great Britain for the year 1821, amounted to nearly £400,000. The quantity was upwards of sixteen millions of pounds.—How many hundred tongues has such a fact, in favour of *Domestic Manufactures*!

The Provisions sent to Ireland by the English Government, were about 5000 tons of potatoes, 1000 tons oatmeal,

#### DREADFUL MASSACRE BY THE INDIANS.

*From Schoolcraft's Journal.*

In passing along the shore of the lake, (yesterday) at the distance of a mile and a half from Chicago, the scene of the massacre of the garrison, stationed at that place, during the late war, was pointed out to us. This took place on the fifteenth of August, 1812, the day after the surrender of General Hull, at Detroit. At this eventful period of the war, gloom hung upon every part of our extensive northwestern frontiers. The town of Michilimackinac had already been carried by surprise; and the retrograde movements of the American army, served to flatter the most sanguine hopes of Indian animosity—while the recollection of their recent defeat at Tippecanoe—their ancient prejudices—and above all, their British allies, were every day adding to their infuriated bands—which, rising from the north, the east, and the south, now hung like a gathering tempest over the land, every moment increasing in its gloom, and threatening rapine and destruction, to our unfortified frontiers. In this exigency of the times, while it appeared yet practicable to escape, Capt. Head, commanding the garrison at Chicago, received orders from Gov. Hull to evacuate the fort, which it would be impossible to succour, in case of an Indian attack; and to proceed with his command, by land, to Detroit. This order was received on the ninth of August, and had it been promptly obeyed, it is probable that the fate of the garrison would have been averted, as the Indians had not yet appeared in force; but owing to an infatuation, which it is difficult to explain, eight days were allowed to elapse, before the order was executed, during which time, the Indians had collected around the garrison to the number of four or five hundred, and by killing the cattle, and other outrageous acts, shewed a determined hostility, although they had not yet menaced the garrison. On the thirteenth, Captain Wells arrived from fort Wayne, with thirty friendly Miamies, to escort the garrison to Detroit, by the request of General Hull. Still, two days were suffered to pass, before the garrison was evacuated, owing to a fatal security in which the commandant indulged, in regard to the dispositions of the Indians—but in which his subalterns, and the inhabitants, did not coincide. At length, on the fifteenth, having distributed among the Indians all the goods remaining in the factory store, with a quantity of provisions; and destroyed the arms and ammunition, which could not be taken away, Captain Head marched out of the garrison, at nine o'clock in the morning, following along the sandy beach of the lake, which is the usual route to fort Wayne and Detroit. The garrison now consisted of fifty-four regulars, and twelve militia, exclusive of the officers, and the friendly Miamies, under Captain Wells. They were accompanied by several baggage wagons, containing provisions and ammunition, and eighteen women and children; the whole force comprising the entire population, both civil and military of Chicago. The face of the country is such, that it is necessary to travel along the sandy shore of the lake, with sand banks on the right, at the distance of from one to two hundred yards, and elevated to such a height, that the country back of it, is completely hid from the view. They had not proceeded more than a mile and a half, when it was perceived that a large body of Indians were lying in ambush behind these sand hills, and they soon encompassed them,—the broad lake extending on the left. This discovery was scarcely made, when the Indians set up their horrid yell, and poured down a warm fire in all directions. Several men fell at the first shot, but Captain Head formed his men with deliberation, and after firing one round, ordered a charge, and ascended the bank, after sustaining a severe loss.—The Indians in front, fled to the right and left, joining a deadly fire which was kept up from the flanks, and which it was in vain to resist. In a few moments, out of sixty-six soldiers, only sixteen were alive.—Captain Head succeeded, however, in drawing off these, to an eminence in the open prairie, out of reach of their shot. They did not follow him out, but gathering upon the bank, began a consultation, and made signs for him to approach. He was met by a Pottowatomie chief, called the Black Bird, to whom he surrendered himself, with his Lieut. (Helon) and sixteen men, under a promise that their lives should be spared; but they were afterwards butchered, from time to time, with the exception of Captain Head, and three or four men. Among the killed, were Ensign Ronan, Doctor Voorhis, and Captain Wells. The latter had his heart cut out, and other shocking barbarities committed upon his body, having rendered himself particularly abominous to the Indians, by his influence among those savage tribes, who remained friendly to the United States. In the course of the action, a party of Indians, raising their furious yell, rushed upon the baggage wagons, where the women and children had taken shelter, and commenced a scene of plunder and massacre, which it would be impossible to describe. Of eighteen women and children, twelve were killed upon the spot. Several of the women, (soldiers' wives) fought with swords.

During the action, a sergeant of infantry, who had already manifested the greatest bravery, was opposed in personal combat with an Indian. Both had already discharged their pieces, when the sergeant saw the Indian running up to him with a lifted tomahawk, but before the blow fell, ran his bayonet in the Indian's breast up to the socket, so that he could not pull it out; yet, in this situation, the Indian tomahawked him, and they both fell dead together.—The Miamies took no part in this massacre. It was

\* A similar instance of courage is mentioned to have occurred in the battle of Oriskany, during the revolutionary war. "There was found an Indian and a white man, both born on the banks of the Mohawk, their left hands clenched in each other's hair, the right grasping in a grip of death, the knife plunged in each other's bosom. Thus they lay frowning."—*Gouvernor Morris' Discourse before the New-York Historical Society, 1812.*

executed by the Pottowatomie tribe. These facts are taken from the description given by an eye-witness, Mr. Kinsey, of Chicago, and from Captain Head's official report.<sup>f</sup>

<sup>f</sup> See Fay's Battles, p. 65

#### BRITISH BARBARY.

*From Lady Morgan's*

But in this deep tragedy there is an episode, which the truth of history demands to be told, and from which British humanity will turn revolting. The town of Arezzo had been long noted for the bigotry and ultraism of its inhabitants; and materials were supposed to exist there, more than in any city of Tuscany, forwarding a re-action. A Madonna was made to perform a miracle, to raise the populace against what was calculated by the revolutionary party: The most ferocious of the ignorant population mounted a leaden Madonna in their hats seized their arms, and, drunk with wine and fanaticism, proceeded with most sanguinary designs to Florence. Their leader was Mr. Windham, the British minister: he rode at the head of this infuriate mob, his frail but beautiful mistress\* on his right (dressed and mounted as on Amizon); on his left a Monk, with a crucifix in one hand and a pistol in the other. Countrymen of Milton, of Newton, and of Locke, it is thus your glorious name and honourable wealth have been prostituted at various epochs to aid the cause of oppression and of bigotry! It is thus that, while you have been instigated to persecute your catholic brethren at home, your agents have been made instrumental abroad in reviving and upholding an object mummery and a barbarous fanaticism: which, however beneficial to the corrupt interests of temporal dominion, are despised and execrated by the sincere of all religions. Ultra-protestants in Ireland, ultra-papists in the Continent, constitutionalists in parliamentary debates, desots in the interior of cabinets, the faction of which you have been so long the dupe, are still consistent in the uniformity of their selfishness, and in their stoical indifference to the character of their means.

Nothing that has been revealed or recited of the horrors of the counter-revolution in France, or under the Reign of Terror, approached the deeds of blood execrated in the horrible interval of this reaction in Tuscany.—At Siena, seventeen persons, principally Jews, were burnt alive; an infant at the breast shared the same fate with its wretched mother; while the Cardinal Archbishop of Siena remained tranquilly in his palace (Luke him of Arezzo) to bless the fury of the populace, and the zeal of the Protestant English minister; and to return thanks to Heaven, that in spite of the heresy and philosophy of the age, one Jew more was roasted to the honour and glory of God!! But if the natives suffered—if they burnt and bled, as the "BLACK CHAMBER" marked them with the name of Jacobin, or revolutionist, of heretic, or Jew—the tortures, inflicted on such of the straggling French as fell into the power of these terrible bands, shame the ingenuity of savage cruelty. They will not bear relation, and least of all from a woman's pen! Be it hoped that they were the expiring efforts of a ferocity and a fanaticism incompatible with the growing intellectual illumination of the day; the last impulsions of that feudalism which has heaped upon the European population fourteen hundred years of poverty, of slavery, of ignorance, and of blood.

To these atrocities, over which Allied Sovereigns and diplomatic cabinets have thrown a veil, the battle of Marengo put a period; but their remembrance will be indelible in hapless Italy, so long as one true Italian heart shall throb with love of country and hatred of persecution.

\* Such a Baroness of the German Empire—gross for having "done the state some service."

† *"La Camera Nera."* The society which took this dark denunciation was composed of the most furious fanatics, both in sect and politics, in Italy. They were the dregs of ancient systems, actuated under the influence of the Aulic counsels for Cremona. This man, who was bad in supporting the moral and social order of things in Italy, was obliged to fly to Florence on account of a fraudulent bankruptcy, while *Giove*, the secretary of the senate, absconded to the court of a foreign prince.

One of the terrible consequences resulting from the brutal outrages and unexampled cruelties committed on the French, was the retaliation exercised by them when they became masters of Arezzo. The officers could scarcely restrain the men from avenging the dreadful deaths of their tortured fellow-soldiers, by means almost as barbarous.

§ Had this resistance to the new order of things arisen from love of country, the motive would have been laudable; however atrocious the means resorted to, but no such exalted motive was pleaded. It is not asserted by any ranks, that the Bishops and Nobles persuaded the people the French were armed against the *Madonna*; and that the English minister, availing himself of their stupid bigotry, promised them rewards adequate to their services, should they restore the Imperial Archduke of Austria to his Tuscan dominions, and re-establish the system disturbed by the French.

#### SELECTIONS.

If hypocrites go to hell by the road to heaven, we may carry on the metaphor, and add, that as all the virtues demand their respective tolls, the hypocrite has a by-way to avoid them, and to get into the main road again. And all would be well, if he could escape the last turnpike in the journey of life, where all must pay, where there is no by-path, and where the toll is death.

He that has never suffered extreme adversity, knows not the full extent of his own depravity; and he that has never enjoyed the summit of prosperity, is equally ignorant how far the iniquity of others can go. For our adversity will excite temptations in ourselves, our prosperity in others. Sir Robert Walpole observed, it was fortunate that few men could be prime ministers, because it was fortunate that few men could know the abandoned profligacy of the human mind. Therefore a beautiful woman, if poor, should use a double circumspection; for her beauty will tempt others, her poverty herself.

\* A similar instance of courage is mentioned to have occurred in the battle of Oriskany, during the revolutionary war. "There was found an Indian and a white man, both born on the banks of the Mohawk, their left hands clenched in each other's hair, the right grasping in a grip of death, the knife plunged in each other's bosom. Thus they lay frowning."—*Gouvernor Morris' Discourse before the New-York Historical Society, 1812.*

The first consideration with a knave, is how to help himself, and the second, how to do it, with an appearance of helping you. Dionysius the tyrant, stripped the statue of Jupiter Olympus of a robe of massy gold, and substituted a cloak of wool, saying, gold is too cold in winter, and too heavy in summer—it behoves us to take care of Jupiter.

In all societies it is advisable to associate if possible with the highest; not that the highest are always the best, but, because if disgusted there, we can at any time descend;—but if we begin with the lowest, to ascend is impossible. In the grand theatre of human life, a *box ticket* takes us through the house.

#### MARRIED.

At Valparaiso, April 25, 1822, on board the United States frigate Constellation, by the Rev. Nathan Andrews, ALEXANDER HOSACK, of the United States Navy, to Miss FRANCIS DWYER, both of New-York.

At Pensacola, on the 4th of July, Mr. GORGE TUNSTALL, late of the Florian Office, to Mrs. ELOISA MATILDA MARY, eldest daughter of David Tate, Esq. of Baldwin county, Alabama.

#### OBITUARY.

DIED.—Yesterday morning, at 3 o'clock, after a short but severe illness, CHARLES BIRD, aged 5 years and 8 months, son of Capt. George Bird.—The friends and the acquaintances of the family are invited to attend his funeral from No. 337, North Second street, this afternoon, at 4 o'clock.

On Thursday last, in Paradise township, Mr. CHRISTIAN CRAEFF, in the 55th year of his age. His death was occasioned by a fall from a horse, which he was taking to pasture. On his way the horse ran off into the woods, where he was thrown, by which he sustained such violent injuries, as to put a period to his existence in a few days.

On the 5th inst. in Bottstown, Mr. JACOB MILLER, aged 94 years.

Same day, at the York County Poorhouse, ANN RICE, aged 106 years.

#### ALMANAC.

1822.	Rises Sun	High	Moon's Phases.
17 Saturday.	5 14 0 46	2 13	Wax. 1st
18 Sunday.	5 13 0 45	2 46	2nd
19 Monday.	5 16 0 44	3 17	3rd
20 Tuesday.	5 17 0 43	3 49	4th
21 Wednesday.	5 18 0 42	4 23	5th
22 Thursday.	5 20 0 40	5 0	6th
23 Friday.	5 21 0 39	5 42	7th

500 lbs. Common and Merino Wool, Aug. 3—16t

ALSO

By the package, India Damask Satins,

Choppla Romally,

Red, Chocolate and Yellow Bandanas,

Blue Naueens,

Cotton Crapes,

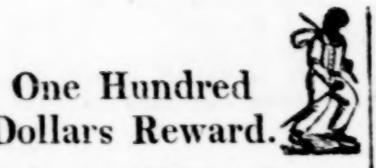
Black Senshaws,

Satin Striped Ginghams,

India Sewing Silks, &c. &c.

DOMESTIC,

#### One Hundred Dollars Reward.



South-west corner of Chestnut & Second-sts.

Has recently published and offers for sale the following valuable

#### THEOLOGICAL WORKS,

On the most liberal terms:

*Charles Buck's Complete Works,*

In six handsome volumes, containing as follows:

Vol. I.—*Memoirs and Remains* of the late Rev.

Charles Buck, containing copious Extracts from his

Diary, and interesting Letters to his Friends; interspersed with various observations, explanatory and illustrative of his character and works. By John Styles D. D.

Vol. II.—*Sermons on Select Subjects.*—Also, *Serious Enquiries, or Important Questions relative to this World*, and which is to come. To which are added, *Reflections on Morality occasioned by the death of the Rev. Thomas Spencer, who was drowned while bathing at Liverpool, Aug. 5, 1811.*

Vol. III.—*A Treatise on Religious Experience;* in which its Nature, Evidence, and Advantages are considered.—Also, *The Young Christian's Guide, or Suitable Directions, Cautions and Encouragement to the Believer, on his first entrance into the Divine Life.*

Vol. IV.—*The Practical Expositor, or Scripture illustrated by Facts, arranged for every day in the year.*

Vols. V. and VI.—*Anecdotes, Religious, Moral, and Entertaining;* alphabetically arranged, and interspersed with a variety of useful observations.

#### Bradley's Popular Discourses,

In one volume, containing twenty-nine practical discourses. The Christian Observer of September 1820, occupies 10 pages in review, and concludes with the following paragraph:

"We have thus endeavoured, without entering into a regular analysis of each of our author's discourses, which our limits would not admit, to convey to our readers a general idea of their character. Our high opinion is sufficiently clear from the remarks which we have already made; and we earnestly desire that every pulpit in the United Kingdom may ever be the vehicle for discourses as judicious and practical, as Scriptural and devout, as those which have issued from that of High Wycombe."—Printed in one large Octavo vol. of 600 pages.

#### Lectures on Moral Philosophy,

By the Rev. John Witherspoon, D. D. L. D. late President of the college at Princeton, N. J.—Carefully revised and freed from the errors of former editions. To which is added, by the same author, An Address to the Students of the Senior class, and Letters on Education and Marriage.

#### A Theological Dictionary,

Containing Definitions of all Religious terms; a comprehensive view of every article in the system of Divinity; an impartial account of all the Principal Denominations which have subsisted in the religious world, from the Birth of Christ to the present day; together with an accurate statement of the most remarkable transactions and events recorded in ecclesiastical history. By the late Rev. Charles Buck.—Also, an account of the Cumberland Presbyterians in the United States. (Sixth American, from the last London edition. Two volumes in one.

#### Rev. Dr. Scott's Family Bible,

A Popular Copy-right Edition. W. W. Woodward has published in three handsome quarto volumes, a third edition of this excellent work. The advantages of this last over others, for the general class of readers are obvious. It is divested of the Marginal Reference, but contains every other article in the five volumes of his two former editions. The Notes are disposed immediately after the text they are designed to illustrate, and the Practical Observations at the end of the chapter.

But few copies remain of this cheap and convenient edition of Dr. Scott—and an opportunity is now offered to the public of procuring it on much better terms than formerly.

#### ALSO,

*Rev. Dr. Gill's Exposition,* In nine volumes quarto. Former price 7 dollars per volume sheep binding, 8 in calf, but now offered at the very reduced price of 35 dollars in sheep, and 40 in calf binding—being a deduction of nearly half the original price. Cash remitted with orders. Catalogues given gratis at the store. It comprises the most valuable Theological Stock of Books in the United States.

Aug 10—11t

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS

FOR SALE, BY

S. POTTER & CO.

Booksellers and Stationers, No. 87, Chestnut-street.

Who have likewise published

DR. BEASLEY'S SERMON ON DUELING.

Delivered to the Senior Class, in the University of Pennsylvania, July 21<sup>st</sup> 1822.

S. POTTER & CO.,

Have for sale, (very cheap) a set of

STEREOTYPE PLATES



### POETICAL SELECTIONS.

#### DRAMAS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD.

To vary our Selections from this eminently, beautiful and Classical Bard of *Scotia*, we have for the present, suspended the conclusion of the second part of *CAIN*; and now present our readers with THE NEREID'S LOVE, from the same writer;—brilliant and pleasing effort in the manner of *OVID*, and in our opinion not inferior in genius and taste, to the Metamorphoses of the celebrated Latin Poet.

#### THE NEREID'S LOVE.

SCENE.—A Wood near the Egean Sea

ARCAN AND EGILONE.

ARCAN.

NAY, Egilone, wherefore fly me thus? Oh, go not yet! old Nox hath still an hour Of silent empire o'er the sleeping earth, Ere yet the stars that gem her robe grow dim, Or the black courses of her cloud veild car Shall bear her to the broad breast of her lord, The wide dark Erebus.—Oh say, at least, Whither thou wanderest,—when the beauteous Day Hath with her Sun retir'd to rest, And hooded Twilight in her dusky veil Envelopes the bright pair, then lost thou come Radiant with beauty in thy turf couch, And then to me this river's grassy bank, And the broad base of high Olympus, is More glorious than its summit, e'en when crown'd By a coronet of Gods;—but when first gleams That faint tinge of the morning from the locks Of yet slumbering Aurora, then, Thou flyest from my arms, to hide thy smiles In yon dark gloomy wood.—I hold the fast! Nay, longer stay!—Oh do not leave me yet, Or tell me where thou goest?

EGILONE.

No, dear youth, The knowledge would be fatal to thy peace, For it would tear me from thee;—see! it not, But rest content with my constant love, And let me leave thee now. I must retire Ere day-break to my home, lest that the nymph, My sister Dryades, should guess my absence, And punish the forbidden visit on me. I leave the now—See, youth, the Pleiades Grow fainter in the heavens, and retire To weep their mountain sire, and give place To the white coursers of the golden ear, Round which, with rosy feet, the laughing hours Trip gaily, heralding their matchless queen, The sun-beam rob'd Aurora.

ARCAN.

Nay, but she Hath lov'd, and would not with stern eye regard Thy sweet sin, gentle wood-nymph!—She did steal From his terrestrial bed young Cephalus, Teaching him falsehood to his wedded love; But, for that love, he coldly look'd on Heaven, And scorn'd the fairest of his habitants, As I would do for thee!

EGILONE.

Wouldst thou, indeed? Nay, I am not thy debtor, for I shun The Gods themselves for thee.—The mighty Pan, Our sovereign, and our leader, through the tones Of softest music, hath pour'd forth his soul; And Zephyrus, forsaking Flora's couch, Hath break'd his softest sighs upon mine ear; But I have listen'd not;—and now I go, Let that their watching eyes should trace out thee, And wreak a jealous vengeance. It is time, For now I hear the monarch of the woods, The great King Pan, summoning from dewy couch His sleeping court, the Sylvans and the Fauns, By the sweet sound he loves, the mournful voice Of the reed-changed nymph, affrighted Syrinx. I haste to join the train.—Dear youth, forbear To chase my steps. When the soft twilight comes, Beneath her mantle I will steal to thee.—Follow me not!—Farewell!

ARCAN.

I will not!—No, I will not disobey thee!—Beautiful Thou art, and if thou dost indeed belong To nature, thou art her perfection.—See, She floats, not walks upon the air; the dew's Of Heaven fall not so lightly on the earth, As her ethereal step. The evening will come, but long the hours till them.—O speed, Speed Phœbus thy bright course; a lover thou Hast ever been; with pity look upon A lover's pangs in absence!—How shall I Banish the weary day!—I will descend The river's windings, and upon the breast Of old Egeus with my wary nets Snare his inhabitants, the finny slaves Of the tall blue ey'd king, who rules the depths Of his proud rolling waters.—Secret Peneus! Glide with me, murmuring thy happiness, Thy dwelling in this heaven-overlooking vale, This soft Olympus of the lower world, This matchless Temple.

SCENE.—The shore of the Egean Sea.

ARCAN sitting on a Rock.

ARCAN.

Half of his course hath Phœbus still to run, And yet my task is finished.—Now I sit Upon the very rock where sat of old The mourning father, straining his dim eye To catch the signal of his happiness, The white flag floating on his Hero's bark, But clo'd it in eternal night, when he Rested on the banner black, which stream'd On the dull air,—and springing from this steep, Buried his griefs in ocean!—Beautiful Is this enchanting shore, and the grey sea Puts on his robes of beauty, to bewitch Our most admiring senses. Tranquill, too, He looks, as though he knew his master slept Upon the bosom of his Amphitrite, And fear'd to break his slumbers. As I gaze Upon the waters glittering in the sun, Methinks I can distinguish forms that rise And move upon their surface.—Yes, there comes The cavalcade of the green mantled king, And all his train around him. No!—The music Is not so loud as Triton's, nor the car, Drawn by the foaming coursers of the sea, But beauteous dolphins, proudly bear its yoke, Enamour'd of their officer, and the form That fills the coral car is not the God's, The blue-ey'd Lord of Ocean, but a shape More gracious than his queen's—it is a daughter Of old Nereus, who did prophecy Upon this lovely shore.—She comes to earth In all her elemental glory, and More lovely than the foam-born goddess, when, Cradled by Ocean's snowy curls, she lay, And wafted by the seasons into Heaven.

THE NEREID.

Is it a god, who in that beauteous form Veils his divinity from prying eyes, And teebles gaze of mortals? Is it thee, Royal Apollo, who dost hid thy bow, And thy unerring darts of death, to wound With the soft fire of thy sun-beaming eye Another loving Clytie? Or art thou Bæcchus, disguised as when we saw the woes Of Ariane, and with soothing words Head'd the poor broken-hearted? Beauteous boy, Art thou of earth or heaven?

ARCAN.

Goddess, I Am of the earth, and mortal!—Of her sons The lowliest,—a poor shepherd boy, fair queen, Of Tempe's happy valley.

#### THE SERED.

Like Dian, passing struck!—and gazing on The object of my wonder, and mine eye Drinking sweet poison, as did hem from looks Fairer than young Endymion's.—Gracioso's boy I love thee!—See the daughter of the waves Sues to the son of earth.—Thou hast entwined Fire in the cold breast of the Ocean's child, Who sues to thee for love!—Oh, dost thou share My torture and my transport.—Comes this flame From that which only lights thy sparkling eye, Or that which fills thine heart?

ARCAN.

Great queen, I am A mortal born, and for a mortal love! But she I love, forgive me, from not, goddess, to this eye still fairer!—When she comes Breathing ambrosia, and from sun-bright locks Diffusing light, as rais'd by Zephyrus, (The all of gentle violence he dares,) They throw soft beams around her.—O, I am The happiest, the blessed among men, And would not change that hour to be the lord Of crowned Juno, even though she came With all that loveliness as when she wore The magic belt of Venus. Ca! I love! Oh fondly I wildly!—With a love that ne'er Can know a thought except of the beloved, And not a dream of change.—She is mine own, My heart's divinity.—She is myself! The spirit that doth animate this clay, Thron'd in my brain and heart!

#### THE BLIND BEGGAR.

Welcome, thou man of sorrows, to my door! A willing hand thy wounded heart shall find; And lo, thy guiding dog my care implores! O hase, and shelter from th' unfeeling world.

Alas! shall Mis'ry seek my cot with sighs, And humbly sue for pitious alms my ear; Yet disappointed go with lifted eyes, And on my threshold leave th' upbraiding tear?

Thou bowest for the pity I bestow: Bend not to me, because I morn distress; I am thy debtor—much to thee I owe; For learn—the greatest blessing is to bless.

Thy hoary locks, and wan and palid cheek, And quiv'ring lip to fancy seem to say, 'A more than common beggar we bespeak; A form that once has known a happier day.'

Thy sightless orbs, and venerable beard, And press'd by weight of years, thy palsied head, Though silent, speak with tongue that must be heard. Nay, must command, if virtue be not dead.

Thy shatter'd, yet thine awe-inspiring form, Shall give the village lads the soften'd soul, To aid the victims of life's frequent storm, And smooth the surges that around them roll:

Teach them, that poverty may merit shroud; And teach that virtue may from mis'ry spring! Flame like the lightning from the frowning cloud, That spreads on Nature's smile its raven wing.

O let me own the heart which pants to bless; That nobly scorns to hide the useless store; But looks around for objects of distress, And triumphs in a sorrow for the poor!

When Heaven on man is pl-as'd its wealth to show'rt Ah, what an envied bliss doth Heaven bestow! To raise pale Merit in her hopeless hour, And lead Despondence from the tomb of Woe?

Lo, not the little birds shall chirp in vain, And hovering round me, vainly court my care; While I possess the life-preserving grain, Welcome ye chirping tribe to peck your share.

How can I hear your songs at spring's return, And here while summer spreads her golden store; Yet, when the gloom of winter oils ye mourn, Heed not the plaintive voice that charm'd before!

Since Fortune, to my cottage not unkind, Strews with some flow'r's the road of life for me, Ah! can humanity desert my mind? Shall I not soften the rude flint for thee?

Then welcome, beggar, from the rains and snow, And warning elements, to warmth and peace; Nay, thy companion too shall comfort know, Who shivering shakes away the ice fleece.

And lo, he leaves by the fire, elate; Now on his master turns his glaz'd eyes; Leaps up to greet him on their change of fate, Licks his lov'd hand, and then beneath him lies.

A hut is mine, amidst a shel'ring grove: A hermit there, exalt to Heav'n thy praise; There shall the village children show their love, And hear from thee the tales of other days.

There shall our feather'd friend, the bird of morn, Charm thee with orisons to opening day; And there the red-breast, on the leafless thorn, At eve shall sooth the with a simple lay.

When fate shall call thee from a world of woe, Thy friends around shall watch thy closing eyes; With tears, behold thy gentle spirit go, And wish to join its passage to the skies.

ODE ON MODERATION.

'Some folks are mad, and do no no it,' Says some one—I forget the poet;

And verily the bard was in the right.

Wild as a puppy closing butterflies,

The world hunts Transport with keen nose and eyes;

Deceitful lass, who often proves a bite!

The calm, cool, philosophic hour;

The purling brook, the woodbine bow'r

The groves, the valley's sweet and simple song;

Morn's virgin blush, and Evening's setting ray,

On more than half the world are thrown away;

Whose joys must like a whirlwind pour along.

Calmly let me begin and end Life's chapter;

Ne'er panting for a hurricane of rapture:

Calm let me walk—not riotous and jumping:

With due decorum, let my heart

Perform a sober, quiet part;

Not the rose ever bumping, bumping,

Rapture's a charger—often breaks his girt,

Runs off, and flings his rider in the dirt.

Lo, when for Gretna Green the couple start,

Lovely plays his gambols thro' each throbbing heart:

Squeezing and hugging, kissing they go;

Wild, from the chaise, they poke their heads to John

'Mak- hast, dear John, drive on, drive on, drive on,

Lord! Lord! your horses are so very slow!

And whilst, for Gretna Green, each turtle sighs,

The blacksmith's seems an angel in their eyes.

But when this blacksmith has perform'd his part,

Possession quells the tumults of the heart:

The heart with foaming bliss no more boils over

Now leisurely into the chaise they get!

They ask, no John to drive, no horse to sweat;

No eye's keen sparkle shows the burning lover;

No kisses 'midst the jolting road they snap;

Cheek now takes a comfortable nap;

Down on her cheeks, her locks dishevel'd flow;

Not vastly smooth, but much like locks of hay;

Her cap not much resembling Alpine snow,

Shook from her rolling wearied head away.

The youth too, with his noddy on his breast;

His hair all careless, much in law-like trim;

As though sweet wedlock's joys had lost their zest;

As though a dull indif'rence dam'd the whim;

With mouth half shut, that heavy seems to say,

'The Devil take the blacksmith and the dog,

Who tied her to that trolop, now my wife,

Just like a Jack-ass to a post, for life!'

\* Also a divine, who gains a comfortable maintenance by making matrimonial chancery as well as horse-shoes.

#### THE PROVOST.

This is a singular and extraordinary production, by the Author of Annals of the Parish, Sir Andrew Wylie, &c. It abounds in striking and quaint description of the middle class of Scotch citizens, who from trade and manufactures, sometimes rise to the dignity of Bailie, or Provost of the Town. The work is unquestionably the offspring of a powerful mind, and an inventive imagination; and possesses merit of a very unique kind. But the Scotch phrases, which are very thickly interspersed throughout the book, while they possess a magical charm to those who understand them, obscure both the style and the narrative, to the reader who is not acquainted with the emphatic meaning of the terms. The strange mixture of the pathetic with the ridiculous, and the beautiful with the grotesque, which characterizes this author, is more pleasing than any separate excellence in one of those branches of writing. The tear and the laugh, follow each other in quick succession; and we often find ourselves charmed with feeling, when a sudden burst of merriment, produced by the witty or the ridiculous, brings us a happy relief. In fine, the singular character of this work, starts as well as puzzles the Critic, by the uncommon vein of humour and eccentricity, that prevades it. The grasping and sordid character of the old Scotch citizen, intriguing for promotion and precedence in the government of the Town, is admirably drawn; and the Tyro in politics and power, may here acquire the art of rising, in the true Scotch, French, English, and we are sorry to add, American mode.—We have already extracted one Chapter (in our 3d number) for the gratification of the reader; and we now present him with the Sequel of the story of the EXECUTION, from another part of the same volume.

Captain ARMOUR.

"In the course of these heads, he was again himself, and with a modest fortitude that was exceedingly comely, he acknowledged who he was, adding, that he feared his blameless disgrace entailed effects which he could not hope to remove, and therefore it was his intention to resign his commission. The Earl however, requested that he should first allow him to try what could be done to convince his brother officers, that it was unworthy of them to act towards him in the way they did. His Lordship then led us to the drawing room, on entering which, he said aloud to the Countess, in a manner that could not be misinterpreted, "In Captain Armour I have discovered an old acquaintance, who, by his own merits, and under circumstances that would have sunk any man less conscious of his own purity and worth, has raised himself, from having once been my servant, to a rank that makes me happy to receive him as my guest."

I need not add that this benevolence of his Lordship was followed with a most bountiful alteration towards the Captain from all present, insomuch that before the regiment was removed from the town, we had the satisfaction of seeing him at divers of the town-plays, where he received every civility.

#### Jesper Harding, PRINTER,

OPPOSITE THE DOOR OF THE PENNSYLVANIA BANK.  
BOOK PRINTING,  
Cards, Bank Checks, Circulars, Hand Bills, &c.

Executed on the lowest terms, with neatness, accuracy and despatch.

Aug. 3—tf

#### Piano Fortes.

GEORGE BACON, No. 66, Chestnut, between 2d and 3d streets, offers for Sale, Piano Fortes from the Celebrated Manufactories of Astor and Clementi, London. Also an Assortment of Flutes, Violins, Clarionets, Kent-Bugles, Trumpets, Horns, &c., &c., with an extensive collection of Fashionable Music, to which constant additions are making.

#### Musick Engraved and Printed.

Aug. 3—

#### HICKMAN & HAZZARD

HAVE PUBLISHED THE FOLLOWING VALUABLE BOOKS,

Offer then for sale on very liberal terms, by the quantity.

Plutarch's lives, 4 vols. 8vo. Translated from the original Greek; with NOTES HISTORICAL and CRITICAL; and life of Plutarch, by JOHN LANGHORNE, M. D.